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WHAT TO DO TILL THE PSYCHIATRIST COMES

Once upon a time at the University of Virginia there was a coed named, oddly enough, Virginia University who was handsome and kindly and intelligent and ingeniously constructed and majoring in psychology. Virginia went steadily with a young man on campus named, oddly enough, Oddly Enough who was supple and fair and lithe and animated and majoring in phys ed.

Virginia and Oddly enjoyed a romance that was as idyllic as a summer day, as placid as a millpond. Never did they fight—never, never, never!—because Virginia, who was majoring in psychology, did not believe in fighting. "Fighting," she often said, "settles nothing. The scientific way is to look calmly for the cause of the friction."

So whenever she and Oddly were on the verge of a quarrel, she used to whip out a series of ink blot tests and they would discover the true underlying cause of their dispute and deal with it in an enlightened, dispassionate manner. Then, the irritant removed, their romance would resume its tranquil, serene, unruffled course.

After six months of this solute liaison, Oddly was so bored he could spit. He loved Virginia well enough, but he also believed that people in love ought to fight now and then. "It opens the pores," he said. "And besides, it's so much fun making up afterwards."

But Virginia would not be provoked into a quarrel. One night Oddly tried very hard. "Hey," he said to her, "your hair looks like a bat's nest and your ears look like last year's turnips and your face looks like a pan of worms and as for your head, I've seen better heads on newel posts."

"My goodness, we're hostile tonight!" said Virginia cheerfully and whipped 120 Rorschach cards out of her reticule. "Come," she said, "let us examine your psychic apparatus."

"Who Makes your Clothes-Bethlehem Steel?"

Oddly tried again. "Who makes your clothes?" he sneered. "Bethlehem Steel?"

"Hmm," said Virginia thoughtfully and lit a cigarette. "This sounds like an anxiety neurosis with totemism, scrotge trauma, and a belt in the back."

"I hate you," said Oddly. "I hate your looks and your clothes and your toenails and your relatives and the cigarettes you smoke."

"Now, hold on, buster!" cried Virginia, her eyes crackling, her color mounting, her nostrils aflame. "Just keep a civil tongue in your stupid head when you talk about Marlboro! Nobody's knocking that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box while there's breath in my body! It's a great cigarette, it's a doozy, it's a dilly, it's a bear—and anybody who says a word against it gets this."

By "this" Virginia meant a series of combinations to the head and liver, which she now delivered to Oddly and turned on her heel and stormed away.

Oddly brought her down with a flying tackle. "I love you," he said.

"And Marlboro?" said she.

"And Marlboro," said he.

And they kissed and plaited love knots in one another's hair and were married at Whitsun and smoked happily ever after.

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And you too, gentle readers, will smoke happily ever after, once you try Marlboro, the cigarette that gives you such a lot to like—including, we earnestly hope, this column.

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